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3.

FOUR EXCELLENT NEW
SONGS.

1, A New Song on the
SOUTH FENCIBLES.

2, Bonny Lizie Bailie,

3, The Sake of Gold.

4. The Plowman's Glory.



EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXXVIII.

VERSES on the SOUTH-FENGIBLES.

Tune, — Lillibulero.



HOW like you the news, my clever young fellows,
 Lillibulero Bulenala;
 The French, to invade us, are coming, they tell us,
 Lillibulero Bulenala.
 They threaten to burn, — our Ships and our Corn;
 To seize on our Sheep and our Cattle, they hope;
 To plunder our Houses; — run off with our Spou-
 ses,
 And train up our Children to worship the Pope.
 Lillibulero Bullenala, Lillibulero Bulenala.

II.

Then hie! to your Arms, ye brave **BORDER** Lads,
 Lillibulero Bulenala;
 Long ago ye were warlike and mettlesome Blades,
 Lillibulero Bulenala.
 Instead of your Mauds, — get Red Coats and
 Cockades;
 Instead of a Spade, take a Sword in your Hand;
 Better Lift with **BUCCLEUGH**, — than follow a
 Plough,
 Or serve any Farmer, or Laird in the Land,
 Lillibulero, &c.

III.

Ye *Taylors* no longer bring over French fashions,
 Lillibulero Bulenala;

And *Barbers* leave making their *Falſe heads*, and
Cuſhions,

Lillibulero Bulenala.

He'll give you a *Trade*, where more's to be made :
 You may ſtill uſe your *needle*, your *Thimble* and
Comb ;

And, He'll ſwear by his *SWORD*, —— give his *WRIT*
 or his *WORD*,

That ye ne'er ſhall be *braghted*, or carried from
 home.

Lillibulero, &c.

IV.

Come hither, ye *Fowlers*, and all other *Sparks*,

Lillibulero Bulenala,

Who're dext'rous at ſhooting at *Birds* or at *Marks*,

Lillibulero Bulenala.

If ye wiſh to improve, —— in the art that ye love,
 To the *FENCIBLE STANDARD* directly re-
 pair ;

Take your *Muſket*, and fill it, —— with *Powder* and
Bullet,

And pepper a *Frenchman* inſtead of a *Hare*.

Lillibulero, &c.

Bonny LIZIE BAILIE.

IT fell upon the *Lamals* tide,
 when the leaves were *freſh* and *green*,

Lizie Bailie's to *Gartartan* gone,

to ſee her ſiſter *Jean* ;

She had not been long in *Gartartan*,
 even but a little while,

Till luck and fortune happen'd her,
 and ſhe went to the *ſiſe*.

And when she went into the lse,
 she met with Duncan Graham;
 So bravely as he courted her,
 and he convoy'd her hame;
 My bonny Lizie Bailie,
 I'll row thee in my plaidie,
 If thou wilt go along with me,
 and be my highland lady.

If I would go along with you.
 they'd think I were not wise,
 For I can neither milk cow nor ewe,
 nor yet can I speak Earle;
 Hold thy tongue, bonny Lizie Bailie,
 and hold thy tongue, said he.
 For any thing that thou dost lack,
 my dear, I will learn thee.

She would not have a lowland laird,
 that wears the high heel'd shoes;
 But she will marry Duncan Graham,
 for Duncan he wears trews;
 She would not have a gentleman,
 a farmer in Kilfyth,
 But she would have the highlandman
 that lives into Monteith.

She would not have the lowlandman,
 nor yet the English ladie,
 But she would have the highlandman,
 to row her in his plaidie:
 He took her by the milk-white hand,
 and he convoy'd her hame,
 And still she thought both night and day,
 on bonny Duncan Graham.

(3)
O my bonny Duncan Graham,
why should you me miscarry?
For if you have a love for me,
we'll meet at Castle-Cary :
As I came in by Denny-bridge,
and by the Holand-bush,
My mother took from me my clothes,
my rings, ay, and my purie.

Hold your tongue my mother dear,
for that I do not care ;
For I will go with Duncan Graham,
though I should ne'er get mair.
For first when I met Duncan Graham,
I met with meikle joy
And many a pretty Highlandman,
was there at my convoy.

And now she is gone thro' the muir,
and he is thro' the glen :

O my bonny Lizie Ballie,
when will we meet again.

Shame light on these Leger-heads,
that lives in Castle-Carry,
That lets away the bonny Lais,
the Highlandman to marry.

O bonny Lizie stay at hame,
thy mother cannot want thee,

For any thing that thou dost lack,
my dear, I'll surely grant thee.

I would not give my Duncan Graham,
for all my father's land,

Altho' he had three lairdships mair,
and all at my command.

Now she's cast aff her silken gown,
that she wear'd in the Lawlands,
And she's up to the Highland Hills,
to wear the gowns of tartans.
And she's cast aff her high heel'd shoes,
was made of oiled leather :
And she's up to the Highland hills,
to go among the heather.

And she's cast aff her high heel'd shoes,
put on a pair of laigh ones,
And she's away with Duncan Graham,
to go among the brachens.
O my bonny Lizie Bailie,
thy mother cannot want thee ;
And if thou go with Duncan Graham,
there'll be a Killicrankie.

Hold your tongue my mother dear,
with your folly let me be.
Should I not fancy Duncan Graham,
'fore all the men I see,
Who is it that hath done this turn ?
or who hath done this deed ?
Am nister it's, father, she says,
lives at the Red Burn bridge.

A minister, daughter, he says,
a minister for mister,
O hold your tongue my father dear,
he married first my sister.
So fare you well my daughter dear,
so dearly as I lov'd thee ;
Since thou wilt go with Duncan Graham,
thou'll get no gear from me.

O fare you well my father dear,
 also my sister Betty:
 O fare you well my mother dear,
 I leave you all completely.

The Sake of GOLD.

FOR the sake of gold she's left me O,
 of all that's dear bereft me O,
 For Athol's duke she has me forsook
 to endless woe she's brought me O.
 A star and a garter has more art,
 to gain her: than my faithful heart,
 For greater titles we must part,
 since she has for ever left me O.
 No nymph shall ever have power to move,
 my injur'd heart again to love,
 Thro' foreign lands I now will rove,
 since she has for ever left me O.
 Ye powers above unto your care,
 I leave this tender cruel fair:
 May choicest blessings be her share,
 since she has for ever left me O.

The PLOWMAN'S GLORY.

AS I was a walking one morning in the Spring,
 I heard a young plowman most sweetly to sing,
 And as he was singing these words he did say,
 No life is like a plowman's in the month of May.
 The Lark in the morning she rises from her nest,
 And mounts in the air with the dew on her Breast,
 And with the jolly plowman she'll whistle and she'll
 sing
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
 If you walk in the fields any pleasure to find

You may see what the plowman enjoys in his mind ;
There the corn he sows grow and the flowers do
spring

And the plowman's as happy as a prince or a king,

When his days work is done that he has to do,
Perhaps to some country wake he will go,

There with a sweet lass he will dance and sing,

And at night he'll return with his lass back again.

And as they return from the wake to the town,
Where the meadows is mow'd and the grais is cut
down,

If they chance for to tumble among the green hay,
It's kils me now or never the damsel will say.

Then he rises next morning to follow his team,
Like a jolly young plowman so neat and so trim,

If he kils a pretty girl he will make her his wife,

And she loves her jolly plowman as dear as her life.

Come Molly and Dolly let's away to the wake,
There the plow boys will treat us with beer ale and
cake,

And if in coming home they should gain their ends,
Ne'er fear but they'll marry and make us amends.

There's Molly and Dolly, Nelly and Sue, (too,
There's Ralph John and Willy and young Tommy
Each lad takes his lass to the wake or the fair,
Adzooks they look rarely frow and declare.

10 JUL 33

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